THE AMERICAN MINISTER IN LONDON.

The Useless Functionary at the Court of St. James's-What his Laborious Buttes Are-The French Ambassador in Loudon, LONDON, Feb. 9 .- The time for levees and drawing rooms is upon us again, and we are old that one million inhabitants of the United States will come to Europe in this year of grace 1888. What is going to happen? This is not a computerum, or if it is the solver must be of course the United States Minister. Making a hasty calculation founded on precedent, it is not unreasonable to conclude that half the number of visitors are on pleasure bent, that one half again belong to the fair sex, and that of these two-thirds at least undertake the voyage across the Atlantic with the avowed purpose of being presented to at least one Europeau sovereign. Accepting these premises, we find France out of the question by reason of her possessing at present only a rule similar to the one left behind; further, that German, Austrian, and Italian courts offer obstacles not readily surmounted; that, therefore, England to the most promising land wherein to accompash the aforesaid purpose, and we arrive at the cancington that the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the great American republic has before him the perspective of bringing to the feet of Queen teria 160,066 ladies in court trains, feathers, and lappets, as eager to do homage as any royalist trained for conturies in the school of

congrehical rule. However, these same presentations seem to form the staple luties of the American Legation, and, saring it without irreverence, constitute on the whole its raison d'être. There must ever be a degree of inconsistency in the existence of a functionary whose position as a diplomat is virtually reduced to the observance of such formalities and ceremonies as are diametrically opposed to the institutions of his own country, an should as such be antagonistic to his patrietle spirit. In the higher and more abstruse walks of diplomacy in the handling of mighty secrets, in the mysterious convoyance of resolutions or remonstrance by guarded phrascology between envoy and statesman, the American Minister is perforce a nonentity. By its geographical position beyond the seas, by its political and internal admistration, America renounces active interference in European affairs. A Consul General or an agent accredited

to repair on all matters of commercial or finantic repair on all matters of commercial or finentics, which the execution of treaties, would render all the services required, and many others which a location is above rendering. On certain rare of the commercial of Prince of Wales had abetted this singular mystilication.

America, which has always been France, which still is, a republic, must find this little matter of legations and embassies a difficult one to settle. If entirely on the model of other dinformats, they belie their instillations of rebellous against the established etiquette and ceromonia of a monarchy, they belie their mission, which is one of representation, courterly, and concillation. France may not have had little to uproof the habits of centuries or threat they be the wind the tenets of the times of its sidendor, but it would shatter no long-stanting sational creed if the American Ministers quietly faced out of the list of American Linguistics in their salaries dropped out of the budget, and if the extinction of American Legations in Europe arrested the influx of American women at drawing rooms, saving their husbands and fathers the expense of court attire and their patriottem the onus of a glaring rountical anestine.

Beanarch has said that the Consultransmits

netical apostney, Bismarck has said that the Consul transmits

Bismarck has said that the Consul transmits to his Government the information his receives, and the Missister the information which one attempts to hide trem kim. It may of the latter has been himself over by any American Minister to the State Incarament at Washington, and when received found useful or important, by all means let the Minister be retained; if not, let the Consuls step in and do their allotted outly, and the 166,666 American women on their way to Europe may relinquish all hopes of the assessing rooms in 1888.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

The Great Congress which is to Meet in Paris in April.

Parts, Feb. 15,-I have communicated to the Marquis de Nadaillac, President of the section on anthropology in the forthcoming Scien-tific Congress, which is to meet here in April, the very interesting accounts of the buried cities along the Rio Salado in Arizona, as given in THE SUN and the Herald. Of course Marquis does not accept the chronology of the discoverers; and this is one of the points on which scientific observers are always venturing too far, and substituting dogmatism for what can only be mere probable calculation. Nevertheless we shall follow, here in Paris, the discoveries of the Hemmenway expedition with the deepest interest. And I shall feel much obliged to the friends of science in the United States who will kindly send me further details on this and kindred subjects to be discussed in

the Congress. The various sections are actively preparing reports and conclusions on the special matters belonging to them. The President of the Congress, Monsignor d'Huist, who is at the same time rector of the Catholic University of Paris. has just returned from Rome, where he was enabled to confer with the Pope on the labors of the Congress. Leo XIII., in spite of his superhuman fatigues and the extraordinary multiplicity of subjects daily and hourly de manding his attention, conversed on the matters to be treated by the assembled scientists next April, with such minuteness of detail and earnestness as to make one believe that he gave the future Congress his chief care. But one or two sentences from the brief which he addressed last May to the President of the Congress will show our American scholars how clearly the Holy Father apprehends the purpose and importance of such scientific gatherings.

"Such a design as yours," he says, " is more timely in our day than at any period in the past. The abettors of rationalism and naturalism, succumbing to the arguments of metaphysics, have changed their ground and their strategy; from the sphere of pure reason they have come down to the solid ground of tangible facts. So they have betaken themselves to the device of arbitrarily creating laws of history, of advancing as certain hypotheses which are merely based on doubt, of giving for truth

tory, of advancing as certain hypotheses which are merely based on doubt, of giving for truth assertions that are erroneous. But their principal object of attack is the Divine Architect of the Universe, the author of nature itself. They endeavor to make all nature bear witness against Him. One might think that in spite of her resistance they endeavor to bribe her thus to betray her author."

I do not believe that there ever has met anywhere in modern times an assemblage of men, the representatives of the highest intellectual culture, who will bring more enlightened zeal to the discussion of science in its bearings on religion, or who more deserve the sympathy of all men in America interested in seeing science become the handmaid and defender of Revealed Truth, instead of being held up to the public as its irreconciliable adversary.

To such great nurseries of science as Yale (to whose scientific academy I am proud to belong), Harvard, and others, without mentioning our Catholic institutions of learning. I would recommend the study of some such parts as the following of the vast and comprehensive programme of questions to be treated in this International Congress of Scientists:

On the Theodices, or the Science of God:

The notion of the Delty in the various philosophical schools of our age; the Idealist school (Hegellans, M. Vacherot); the Agnostic school (Stuart Mill); the Agnostic-Idealist school (Bachner).

"Who among these philosophers should be

(Darwin): the strictly Materialistic school (Buchner).

"Who among these philosophers should be designated as atheists, pantheists, theists?

"The existence of the true God; enumeration and classification of the proofs of His existence: critical review of these proofs; which of them should be retained; what is to be thought of the intuitive or analytical demonstrations of St. Anselm, Descartes, Malebranche, and Bossuet?

"The actual form to be given to the two great.

tions of St. Anselm, Descartes, Malebranche, and Bossuet?

"The actual form to be given to the two great proofs by finality and by causality.

"The divine government, Providence. God and the existence of evil."

I omit the other headings lest I should weary your readers. But these are all subjects which are now introduced (how imprudently I need not say) into our school manuals for the merest beginner. And this letter is chiefly addressed to our great host of public teachers of every grade. Now take the section on metaphysics and cosmology: "First Degree—Necessity of a doctrine concerning the first notions and the essential conditions of beings, confusion in these fundamental notions, relation between this confused state of mind and the origin of contemporary errors. Sixth Degree—Examine the theories which make of the will the essence of every existing thing (Schopenhauer, Hartmann, &c.). Seventh Degree—Examine the assertion of Herbert Spencer that we cannot conceive of matter as annihilated. Can we establish by a formal demonstration that the physical universe is contingent? Thirteenth Degree—Examine the opinion of Delbruf attributing life in germ to every material substance."

And so on the proposed examination and discussion covering every metaphysical topic now so passionately controverted in our great Euro-

uting life in germ to every material substance."

And so on, the proposed examination and discussion covering every metaphysical topic now so passionately controverted in our great European and American schools. There is no shirking any difficulty or objection, no matter how formidable. Every question is to be treated thoroughly, and in the fullest light of sublicity. In the section of psychology and psychophysiology there is the same comprehensiveness, the same thoroughness.

I pass to what will more nearly interest our lawyers and judges and our great law schools. Here are some items from the section of Juridical Sciences: "Natural Law—The foundations of morality and right. The Ethics of Kant. Independent morality. Evolutionist morality. Property viewed in relation to the law of nature. The liberty of association. Civil personality. Religious orders. Corporations.

"Constitution of the family. Divorce. The testamentary right. Constitution of the State—Limit of its rights, especially concerning association, property, education. State socialism. centralization, liberty and authority.

"Comparative Legislation and International law in Christian countries as applied to countries outside of Christendom. International law in Christian countries as applied to countries outside of Christendom. International arbitration. either accidental or permanent.

"Public Jurisprudence. History of Law, Pri-

ternational law in Christian countries as applied to countries outside of Christendom. International arbitration, either accidental or Dermanent.

"Public Jurisprudence. History of Law. Private Law."

The next sub-section on political economy is that over which my friend Mr. Claudio Jannet presides. Here are a lew headings: Fifth Degree—Juridical organization of the family, emigration, and colonization. Sixth Degree—Juridical principle and ducties of employers in large industries. Eighth Degree—Liristian morality in trade and industry. Ninth Degree—Juridical principle and economical functions of anonymous companies of shareholders; moral responsibility and duties of such shareholders. Tenth Degree—On institutions which could, in the condition of modern industry, and under the social constitution of modern peoples, secure to artisans and workingmen the moral advantages procured to the same by the mediaval corporations. Twelfth Degree—Exposition of the various contemporary socialisms imutualism, collectivism, nationalization of land and minos), anarchism, State socialism.

You see how actual, vital, burning are the questions here submitted to the leading intellects in both hemispheres. A few days ago I had again the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Jannet, who is very anxious about the issue in the United States of the strife between workingmen and the great industrial corporations. Not only are the foremost scholars in France interested in the Contention between the Knights of Labor and its rival organizations, they are also following with deep concern the struggle between the coal companies in Fennes interested in the Contention between the Knights of Labor and its rival organizations, they are also following with deep concern the struggle between the coal companies in Fennes interests people of the minimum of the fact that, in spite of all the irrection guaranteed in the United States to honest labor, both but he Federal and State constitutions, capitalists like those whom Mr. Corbin represents and the following t permanent,
"Public Jurisprudence, History of Law, Pri-

THE LATEST ART NEWS OF PARIS.

Weary Concration-The Athert Coupl on Again-The Guillaumet Sale. PARIS, Feb. 10.-Tragaldabas, the fantastic and amusing hero of Auguste Vacquerie's comedy, sums up life in the operation of taking one's socks off and putting them on. This flux and reflux, this ebb and flow of woollen stuff, disgusts him, and he professes to comprehend that a man may justly commit suicide in order to escape the servitude and weariness of dressing and undressing every day. The vast majority of Parisians nowadays seem to be some-what in the state of mind of Tragaldabas, They are devoured by ennul; they detest personal action; they simply live and let live, put their socks on and take them off, bore their lives away, and meanwhile allow Paris to go more or less to the dogs.

There is a diminution of energy in the French capital, a weariness, a worn-out state, which may be remarked in many things, but more es pecially in art, literature, and the drama. The theatrical industry in Paris is in a very After the novelty of "Excelsior" and 'Sieba" had passed, the splendid Eden Theatre began to sink, and it has sunk lower and lower until its lamp has finally flickered out. Italian ballet has seen its day in Paris. Mass movements by dancers will no longer enchant the dilettanti. The Eden ballet has lived, and the promenoir-theatre has passed into new hands, who have transformed it into a regular theatre And what is the opening spectacle? What is the great attraction which is to bring all Paris to this gorgeous palaco? Nothing more than the archi-hackneyed "Madame Angot," with two middle-aged stars, Judic and Jeanne Granier, in the leading rôles. What is Paris coming to? Where are the authors, the com-

posers, the actors, the artistes that used to abound in this wonderful city? Where, indeed? From talk with those interested, and from the comparison of indubitable figures, it appears that the Parisian stage is passing through a crisis the issue of which is not to be foreseon. The expenses of the theatrical business are increasing, while the receipts are diminishing. The Parisians, who used to be the greatest playgoers in the world, are becoming less and less playgoers. Indeed, they have already lost the habit of going to the theatre, and the play attracts them only exceptionally. because they can no longer afford to pay for a seat. The cost of house rent and the cost of food have increased in Paris immensely during the past twenty years, while salaries have not progressed proportionately. Meanwhile the prices of theatre seats have literally been doubled, and consequently the theatre has become an amusement within the reach of the rich alone. Formerly, for ten or twenty cents you could buy a seat in the pit and hear actors like Frédérick Lemaltre, Melingue, Mme. Georges, Mars, Rachel, who played in dramas and comedies that we still find admirable. Nowadays the actors are not better than those of former days, the plays are not so good, and the places cost twice, thrice, and four times as much as of old. At the Comédie Française, it is true, one may still tres a stall costs eight, ten, twelve, and at the opera sixteen francs; and, as fortunes run in modern France, a man must be in easy circumstances in order to be able to indulge in the play from time to time. To the question why

stances in order to be able to indulge in the play from time to time. To the question why they continue to augment the price of seats, the managers reply by enumerating the claims of the authors, the high salaries of actors, the immense cost of scenery, the hampering rules of the police, and so on.

Wherever the mistake may be and whoever is to blame, here are some figures which have their interest. They are taken from the "Bulletin de Statisque et de Legislation Comparie," published once a month by the Ministry of Finances, and they give a table of the receipts of the Paris theatres in 1878 and in 1887.

The year of the great Exposition, 1878, was the year when all the world flocked to Paris and brought its gold. In that year the Opera receipts amounted to 3,570,570 francs; Comédie Française, 3,389,221 francs; Opéra Comique, 1,598,684 francs; Porte Saint-Martin, 1,600,000 francs, Varietées, 1,700,000 francs; Renaissance, 1,500,000 francs; Hippodrome, 2,404,000 francs, &c., giving for all the theatres of the capital a total receipt of 30,658,000 francs. In presence of such brilliant business the theatrical managers hesitated before no expense; no star actors were too dear and no splendors too costly. The special public did not mind how much it paid; the augmentation of prices did not raise a murmur. But when this special public had gone home and the managers had to depend upon the normal population of Paris, the tale was very different. In 1879 the Opera's receipts fell to 2,784,000 francs; Comédie Française, 2,506,000 francs; Opéra Comique, 1,122,000 francs; Hippodrome, 1,134,000 francs, But in 1887 the state of affairs was still more terrible. Last year the total receipts of the Paris theatres scarcely reached 22,000,000 francs, nearly 9,000,000 less than in 1878.

The only salvation for the Paris theatres will be to reduce the price of saves and to desware.

be to reduce the price of seats and to do away with stars, which latter reform will be com-paratively easy, as the existing stars, like Sarah Bernhardt, Judic, Theo, Granier, Ugaide, are paratively easy, as the existing stars, like Sarah Bernhardt. Judie, Theo, Granier, Ugalde, are all rich enough and old enough to retire. The greatest difficulty which the managers will encounter will be the finding of new pieces, for the star system and the long run system have in the end disgusted the young men who had dispositions to work for the stage; and, outside the half-dozen men who generally monopolize the Paris theatres, there are no dramatists and no plays. The consequence is that if the monopoly holders shappen to be out of luck or out of merchandise, the theatres call in vain upon young writers, they oung writers make no answer, and the distressed manager is obliged to fall back upon some old stock piece; such is the present fate of the Palais Royal, the Renalssance, the Nouveautés, the Châtelet, the Menus Plaisirs, the Eden, that is to say of six out of the twenty theatres of the capital. alssance, the Nouveautés, the Châtelet, the Menus Plaisirs, the Eden, that is to say of six out of the twenty theaters of the capital.

We are now in the beginning of the picture exhibition season. We have already had the exhibition of the thirty-three at the Saile Petite, the annual exhibition at the Cercle Volney, and we are expecting the show of the Miritions and of the Aquarellistes and of half a dozen minor societies before the great Bazaar of the Salon opens its doors. With the exception of that of the Aquarellistes, which has a distinct raison detre, these exhibitions are growing less and less interesting; they simply diminish painting in the eyes of the public. Many artists are beginning to comprehend the fact that by exhibiting quantities of mediocre oasel pictures on every possible occasion they are satiating and disgusting the public. The Parisians are sick of painting, or rather, of picture-making, which has become an export industry for which the great market is America. "C'est pour l'Amérique." "C'est bon pour les Américains." "Without the Americans I don't know how we should be able to live." Such are the words you hear in the studies from the lips of innumerable manufacturers of wall ornaments. It is worth noticing that The Sun's article on

Américains." "Without the Americans I don't know how we should be able to live." Such are the words you hear in the studies from the lips of innumerable manufacturers of wall ornaments.

It is worth noticing that The Sun's article on the Albert Goupil collection crossed the ocean and quite upset several little plans in Paris. The committee of the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs was actively necotiating with M. Gérôme for the purchase for \$8,900 of the famous blue Mosque lamp, whose extreme modernness was demonstrated by The Sun, When the organ of light reached Paris the negotiations were immediately broken off, and the expert members of the committee, who had recommended its purchase, were obliged to return in shame and confusion into the country. Meanwhile M. Gérôme was informed of the withdrawal of the American subscription fund offer of one million francs for his brother-inlaw's collection. Finally, after some further delay and trouble. M. Gérôme sent for the well-known expert Mannheim, and ordered him to make a catalogue and arrange for a sale in the Hotel Drouot. M. Mannheim finished his catalogue a fortnight ago, and the sale has been arranged to take place in the Hôtel Drouot. M. Mannheim finished his catalogue a fortnight ago, and the sale has been arranged to take place in the Hôtel Drouot day by day. Thus the catalogue is printed, and the sale rooms are engaged for April. The objects will be exhibited as they stand in Albert Goupil's studio apartment, and the things to be sold carried to the Hôtel Drouot day by day. Thus the catalogue is printed, and the sale rooms are engaged for April. Will the sale take place? Who knows? I heard the other day that Mannheim would not distribute the catalogue yet, because "the Americans" had made a new offer of 700,000 francs (\$140,000) for the lot. This is gross absunity on the nart of "the Americans" but if M. Gérôme refuses this offer, if offer there be, he will make a great mistake; for if brought to the highest patched to be sale has been that of the studies

the total of the three days' auction amounted to 275,000 francs, or nearly as much as the Millet sale produced. The drawings and rough sketches sold at from 400 to 1,000 francs sach, and 4,000, 5,000, and 6,000 francs were readily paid for the pictures, none of which, even simple sketches, sold for less than 1,200 francs. The family presented to the Louvre the most important picture left by Guillaumet, cailed "The Desort;" it is a picture six feet long, representing a caravan reating.

Guillaumet, it may be remembered, abandoned his legitimate wife and had a liaison with a certain Mine. Tavernier, out of love for whom he killed himself. Curiously enough, he gave to an intimate friend, the painter M. Huguet, the sum of 15,000 francs to buy pictures for Mine. Tavernier at the sale after his death. In carrying out the wishes of Guillaumet, and in thus acquiring a posthumous present for his mistress, M. Huguet was able to bid up every picture offered, which fact certainly helped greatly to animate the sale. At any rate, the prices obtained were abnormal and above par, and we may salely prophesy that in a year or two we shall be able to buy Guillaumets considerably below present quotations.

THEODORE CHILD.

A GLANCE AT THE IRISH LEADERS. Some of Their Peculiarities in Look, Speech Speint Habit, and Public Method.

DUBLIN, Feb. 12.-The personality of the public men of the Irish party may be of some interest to Americans. The personal idiosyncrasies of the professional politicians here ar as eagerly gloated over as are the peculiarities of the Solons of the United States at home. Ben Butler's artful eye has its prototype in the squeak of Jo Biggar's voice. Biggar is regarded with an affection amounting almost to love by the majority of the Irish people. He is small and humped backed, and is worth nearly a million of our dollars. He is a Member of Parliament, and his greatest distinction is his unvarying pertinacity. He has a voice that acts on the ear like a rusty buzz saw and for the whole of last session he was a flaming menace and terror to any and every British statesman who attempted to get a bill through Parliament It was the current supposition that Jo Biggar never slept. He objected to every possible measure that any man of British birth tried to pass. When all the other men of the Irish party were worn out with obstructing the business of the hour, and were asleep or had gone home utterly exhausted, the British members would spring to their feet with the hope of proceeding with the business of the House: but the objection of Jo Biggar was as inevitable as death. With a senile and gentle smile he would rise in his sent at the critical point, beaming genially on his discomfited opponents, and stop the measure. He was never caught napping. On one occasion, when the Irish members were fighting in a forlorn hope against overwholming odds, old Jo Biggar, as he is familiarly called, arose and began an elaborate and profound speech, which consisted mainly of statistics of the most amazing length, breadth, and thickness, based on the Exchequer report of the year 1841. He spoke in a hard, dry, rasping, and metallic voice for four solid hours, until the Speaker, in a fit of exhaustion, said testily: "I do not think I quite understand what the honorable gentle man was saying." "Ah! that's too bad." said Mr. Biggar, sadly;

I'll have to begin all over again.' He turned back and began his four hours' speech at the beginning, but before he had uttered three sentences the whole House arose in a body and rushed away. Notwithstanding these habits Mr. Biggar

seems to be as popular as any member of the House, for he will take any amount of chaff, and he has a tongue that is ready but never cutting.

Michael Davitt is too well known to need description. His strongly marked aquiline features, closely cropped beard, and remarkable black eyes are known from one end of America to the other. He is by far the most popular man of the Irish leaders at home

popular man of the Irish leaders at home. When he walks along the streets of Dublin he is cheered, and the working people have more faith in him than in all the other leaders combined, not excepting Mr. Parneil.

Mr. Davitt is one of the people, and the risks he has run is the cause of freedom make the punishment of such men as O'Brien and Blount seem puny and absurd. Davitt's life will make a wonderfully interesting book if ever he gest time to write it, but his time is given up wholly to the cause.

time to write it, but his time is given up whomy
to the cause.

A distinguished ancestor of Mr. Parnell's was
Irish, but he himself is half English and half
American, while his accent is wholly American. It is customary with the English caricaturists to make him a heavy-bearded man with
a very pronounced "bulge" in the region of the
waistband, whereas, on the contrary, Mr. Parnell is perfectly straight, lithe, and muscular,
He has a frank and open manner, a direct way
of looking at a question, and is one of the few
politicians who will talk for hours entertainingly without touching on a question of State, of looking at a question, and is one of the few politicians who will talk for hours entertainingly without touching on a question of State.

T. C. Healy, who is nopularly known as Tim Healy, is the man who once attempted to overthrow Parnell's sway. Parnell had put up Capt. O'Shea for Galway, and there had been a great deal of talk in the opposition paners about the proference which Mr. Parnell exhibited for the society not only of Capt. O'Shea, but also Capt. O'Shea's beautiful wife. The rumor turned out to be groundless, of course, but Parnell put up Capt. O'Shea as member for Galway just at the time that the rumors about Mrs. O'Shea and himself were prevalent. He probably did this as much to show his contempt of such opinion as anything else. However, Mr. T. C. Healy, backed up by Jo Biggar, endeavored to make out that Mr. Parnell had made a grievous mistake, and that he should no longer be accepted as the head of the Irish party. They hurried down to Galway, and put up a man named Lynch in opposition to Capt. O'Shea. The papers got out extras, and the streets of London rang with the cry of "Split in the Irish party." Parnell was declared to be overthrown, and Healy and Biggar were declared the future leaders. The Times and other Tory srgans exulted over the break in the Irish ranks, and so the matter rested for one day.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Parnell stepped in 1878.

The only salvation for the Paris theatres will

clared the future leaders. The Times and other Tory srgans exulted over the break in the Irish ranks, and so the matter rested for one day.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Parnell stepped off the train at Galway and sent for Mr. Healy and Mr. Biggar, who were working up the Lynch boom with terrific eathusiasm about town. Mr. Parnell's interview with his rebellious lieutenents lasted exactly five minutes. He returned immediately to London, but before he had been a half hour on his journey Mr. Lynch's candidature was withdrawn. Messrs, Healy and Biggar roturned humbly to Dublin, and Capt. O'Shea was triumphantly elected to Parliament. There has been no talk of a split in the Irish party since that time, but the incident is an example of the remarkable influence which Parnell has over the men who work with him in the cause of home rule. Healy, aithough impetuous and shortsighted, is one of the best apeakers in the House, and has never wavered in his fealty to Parnell since the time of the Galway election. He is a middle-aged man, with a straggling beard, wears spectacles, and is decidedly nervous.

T. C. Harrington is a solid, pushing, steady, and methodical business man. He is the Secretary of the National League, and he keeps every one of the 1800 branches of that remarkable organization under absolute control. His face is strongly marked. He is slow and striking in his manners. His talent for organization and striking business abilities have rendered his services invaluable to his party in its coposition to the British Government. Nothing ever disturbs his comminity, and he carries so much of the business of the Land League in his head that it is commonly said that if all the papers of that organization were soized they would roved absolutely nothing to the British Government. William O'Brien is now in Paris recuperating after his term of imprisonment in Tulinmore iail. He is an enthusiast, as all the world knows. His life is given up to the big fight that is now going on, and he is resping the reward of hicessant

An Accomplished Hotel Clerk.

Prem the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 20.—George H. Smith. better known as "Count" Smith. chief clerk of the Palaco Hotel in this city, died today from blood poisonine. The Count had a national reputation as the best all-round hotel clerk in the country. This was due to his remarkable memory and his keen knowledge of human nature. He came here poor and served some time as an ordinary waiter, but when he was once promoted to the hotel office he showed his great natural aptitude for business, and soon became head clerk. When the Palace Hotel was opened by Raiston & Sharon, Smith was made chief clerk, ite had 600 rooms to hook after, but his memory never failed him, and English tourists were especially fond of testing this memory, and if they had once registered the Count would promptly toil them not only their names, but the rooms which they had occupied several years before.

POEMS WORTH READING.

In Lent. From the Chicago Nesos Fair Helen, who, a day or two Ago, was twinkling in the german. Now penance pays for thoughtless days By ist'ning to a prosy sermon.

With rapt face bowed, hid by a cloud Of golden ringlets cinst'ring round it, Within her pew she listens to The parson praise the Book and pound it.

The preacher talks of rightsons walks, Of holy living, holy dving: Exhorts Miss Nell to ponder well Upon her sins and folles crying. And I am sure the maid demure Obey, her chiefest sin recalling—
How young Jack France she led a dance.
And scorned him at her feet when failing

The parson there uplifts a prayer;
Ferhaps her thoughts are all upon it;
But I will lay what sum you say
She's dreaming of her Easter bonnet.

The Dreamers. From the Washington Critic From the Widstington Critic.

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by ione sea breakers,
And sitting by desciate streams;
World losers and world forsakers
On whom the naic moon gleams;
Tet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties We build up the world's great cities, and cet of a fabulous story. We fashion an empire's glory! One man with a dream, at pleasure, Shall go forth and conquer a crow. And three, with a new song's measur Can trample a kinglom down.

A breath of our inspiration
is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible seeming.
The solder, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one.
Till our dream shall become their present
And their work in the world be done.

From the Chicago Matt.

I love my love with every breath.
And I shall love her ever;
I'm here and only bers, till death,
So fair is she and clever. Yet, though I jove, I grumble at The wave of the aweet joker; In tricks of mine she's far too pat. (I've taught my darling poker.)

She's robbed me of my heart, and now She thinks it very funny To rob me further still. I yow She robs me of my money! She is demure as any nun, Browning shetaiks and Dante. The while she's having lots of fun in sneaking off my ante.

Yet, still I love with every breath, And I shall love her ever: I'm hera, and only hera, till death, She's fair, and, ah' she's clever!

How the Matter was Adjusted From the Chicago Berald.

She married him because she thought
lie was her hern.
And then discovered he was not,
And unught is zero.

He married her because she seemed To him ideal. And then he saw he had but dreamed, She was too real.

But adaptation started wrong. As oft the case is; Adjustment slowly drags along Unto its basis. The one to whom we give the most, When love is trusted. Love's bankrupt is when faith is lost And facts adjusted.

A word that once might be the cause of favors gracious Is preface now, a saving clause, To speech mendacious. Those cunning ways which once to own Was our ambition; Now to a surfeit tale have grown From repetition.

The very charms of which to speak None had been prouder Than you, lie now upon her cheek, lu rouge and powder.

The manly ways, the robust air, Seen in the lover. Are quite a different affair, When courting's over.

The master way that once compelled furns tyrant force when all is held in safe possession.

One may be eager for the fruit But capture when it ends pursuit
Will stiffe ardor.

But Providence takes devious ways
To bring conviction:
And thus, through grievous delays,
Each drops his fiction. Disease within her vocal chords Preventing speaking; The ideality affords He had been seeking.

One day his death, so long delayes, Froved she esteemed him, And, when the policy was paid, The man she deemed him. CHARLES M. SAYDER

Nocturne. Prom Godey's Lady's Book.

Roft night with the touch of a lover
la waking the universe;
The forces of nature in chorns
A thousand responses rebearse. The pale moon shining in heaven Draweth in rapture the main; The stars go singing together, Joining in love's refrain.

The warm night breezes whisper Gently murmurs the sea; The earth feels love's heart beating and trembles in ecstasy. They all to my soul are speaking; Quiet and dumb ! lie; And yet, though my lips are silent, Flashes my heart roply. ADELINE E. KNAPP.

The Better Land. From the Pittsburga Disputch.
Round me is the silent night.
Starry heavens are in my sight;
in the gioom of earth I stand,
Longing for the better land. Names of many an olden year Linger in my listening ear. Names of those that now I ween in the better land are seen.

There shall many pligrims meet; There shall many mourners greet Lost ones, parted long before, Angels of the heavenly shore. There no sound of grieving word Shall be ever, ever heard. Sounds of joy or love alone In the better land are known. Voyager on the tide of time Toding for the better clime, Thither I am speeding fast, Where the tolls of time are past.

Calmiy, leaving far behind Karth's dark corners let me find Loving smile and greeting hand, Joyful in the better land. Saviour! let the falling tear

Soon forever disappear; Guide me, weary and oppressed, Safely to the land of rest. Matrimony. From Temple Bar.

Prom France Bar.

To pop or not to pop, that is the question.

Wheniner his easier for a man to suffer
many to bisseculess the rune of fortune,
Or ask some presenters that the transition of the control of the control

From the Inter-Ocean.

Like a shadow that thes from the sun god, we slip out of life and are gon.

The place where we were is vacant, for who will remember till moon.

The drop of dew like a diamond which pleased at the gimmer of dawn?

And when the singer has left us, who cares to remember the tune? In the leaves' deep drift in the forest what bird is seek-

In the leave deep drift in the leaves that the consum is the one.

Benuch whese shelter she builded her tedious love
crading nest?

It has lived, it was used, her periched; now lieth, its use
being done:
Forgotten of sunshine and songater in the dust whence
it came. It is best.

But we, we shrink from the leaf's fate, and we murmur,
"Soon they forget:
These friends whom we laved, who loved us and
shared in our pleasurer and mirth.
Our names are lost in the silence death bringeth, and no
regret. regret Endureth for us, low lying in the green-gemmed bosom of earth."

of earth."

Oh, mortal accept the omen; we live, we are used, and we fail
As the leaf before us has failen. We pass from our
The living hand are not.

The living form of sufficient, content these to fold in
thy pails grief sufficient, content these to fold in
thy pails grief sufficient, content these to fold in
the pails grief sufficient.

Characteristics in General.

THE LIFE OF AN ELEVATED CONDUCTOR.

It to Made Hard by Cranks, and an Expe TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: So much having been said in the press of late, especially in Pulitzer's fake story paper, concerning elevated ruffianism and elevated outrages, &c you will oblige many employees by giving space to this explanation of the different specranks who frequent the roads daily, and whom the employees daily come in contact with. The writer has had nine years' experience, and the eranks herein enumerated are not imaginary but have an existence—a fact which thousands can testify to:

The crank who rushes to a centre or cross seat and places his muddy shoes on the seat in front of him for the next passenger to wipe of with his clothing, besides ruining the seat with the nails in his shoes.

The crank who sits in a seat with one leg crossed over the other, that all who pass have to either step over or wipe the mud off his shoes. The crank who insists on turning up th lights too high, causing the same to smoke and break the globes. The crank who chews tobacco and spits all

over the car, and even on other people's shoes. The crank who insists on smoking when or dered to stop.

The crank who complains of the ventilation

not being sufficient. The other crank who will ask you if you want to freeze the people if you attempt to give more ventilation. The crank who insists on your telling exactly what's the trouble in case of a little delay, no

matter if the detention is two miles shead. The crank who gets in the rear car of a train and proceeds to walk clean through to the first,

The crank who gets in the rear car of a train and proceeds to walk clean through to the first, looking for a warm car, leaving all doors open behind him as he goes through.

The kicking crank, also, who will sit behind the hinge door and kick the door shut before all the passengers have got in and out.

The crank who is continually complaining because during commission hours it takes him forty-five minutes to get to Harlem. Same crank used to ride on the sten of a street car and consume th. 40m. in getting to Harlem. Frozen to numbness in the bargain.

The crank who insists on standing in the doorway, keeping others from entering without tearing the buttons of one's clothing, and who, should you ask him to step a little forward, jumps at you and calls you a public servant, and winds up by taking your number and telling you they know Col. Hain, and will have you discharged in the morning.

The crank who, in his sellishness to get a seat, knocks down ladies and children, sometimes breaking their parasols or umbrellas. Especially is this species of crank to be found in the morning at Canal and Grand streets.

The whistling crank, who insists on whistling to the annoyance of all other passengers.

The crank who gets in and says, "Wake me up at 106th street," as though this was supposed to be your duty, and without oven saying please; who on being awoke will sometimes say," Oh let me alone!" and who if you let him alone will raise a big kick and want to ride back without paying fare, and toll you you did not call out any stations.

The crank who needs a tag on him, for instance, like this: "I am deaf and dumb; put me out at Fifty-third street."

The crank who needs a tag on him, for instance, like this: "I am deaf and dumb; put me out at Fifty-third street."

The crank who cycles ladies from Harlem to City Hall, annoying some so much that they irrequently bave to leave the train. This class of cranks are what we term the dude or looking-glass crank.

of cranks are what we term the dude or looking glass crank.

The crank who will have his mouth within six inches of the conductor's face when he calls out "Chatham square, change for City Hall," and then, before the conductor's voice has died out, ask you "Is this a City Hall train?"

The crank who thinks it strange that the trainmen don't know anything and everything pertaining to private individuals and all public places, and if they ask you what day and what hour the Oregon leaves her wharf are surprised and can't understand why you don't know. I will have to stop enumerating, as I could keep on for a month, but when you see how many cranks there are you will not wonder that some trainmen become eranky.

A CONDUCTOR, on the Third avenue,

HIGH PRAISE OF A MAIDEN

Dr. Dix's Contribution to his "Trinity Record" on the Beath of Mary Parker.

Trinity Church publishes a little paper called the Trinity Church Record for the dissemination of news of the work in its parish. Ordinarily it is uninteresting outside the circle for which it is intended, but the last number, for this month, is distinguished by an article that would fill nearly a column of THE SUN, and that is signed by the initials "M. D.," which are those of the rector, Dr. Morgan Dix. The article has made a stir among plous Episcopalians, and has also attracted the attention of many others who find in it no other merit than the perfect command of the English language which it reveals. These admirers compare it favorably with Dickens's account of the death of "Little Nell." The article announces the death of Mary Griffits Parker, daughter of the Rev. Stevens and Mary Parker. She was an associate of the Community of St. Mary in this city, but died at her uncle's, Mr. Hoppins, in Providence, on Dec. 30. "She was a girl of great personal attractions and a refined and high-bred beauty," writes Dr. Dix. "of great force of character, of strong Dr. Dix. "of great force of character, of strong intellect and firm will; amiable, bright, accomplished; of unerringly good judgment and remarkable executive abilities. Such as God made her she was kept, through her training in the Church, which has never had a more appreciative or devoted child. Her life was wholly domestic and one of those of which the world knows nothing; but such lives are inexpressibly precious by way of illustration and example." The notice continues as follows:

example. The notice continues as follows:

She came of an honorable stock; she knew the world;
she had friends and relatives there; but ber heart, like
her treasure, was beyond it. She was one of the sunniest and brightest of women; never merose or
gloomy, always cheerful, with a keen sense of homor
and a great lichtness of heart. But the depths were
very deep and in them lay a lixed purpose of givings hervery deep and in them lay a lixed purpose of givings hervery deep and in them lay a lixed purpose of givings hervery deep and in them lay a lixed purpose of givings hervery deep and in them lay a lixed purpose of givings hervery deep and in them lay a lixed purpose of givings hervery deep and in them lay a lixed purpose of givings hervery deep and in them lay a lixed purpose of givings hervery deep and in the may a lixed purpose of givings her
at fact that her liver have been mistaken for other than
what she was by those who do not see beyond externals,
she had no sympathy with exagerations or excesses.
Exterioriy as well as interioriy she lived as a simple,
honest, old-fashloned child of the thurch of her baptism
and her love. No doubt ever rested in her clear, pure
mind: no sentimen of disloyalty round place of lodgment in her faithful heart.

Dr. Dix—if he wrote the place, and nobody

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the better clime,
the better clime,
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CHICKERING HALL.

An Interesting and Important Lecture on Nervous Diseases.

Great Prevalence of Nervous Diseases-A Remedy Certain to Cure These Weakening and Exhausting Affections.

Pr. Greene, the eminent and skilful specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, of 33 West 14th st., New York, addressed an immense audience in Chickering Hall upon the subject of nervous diseases, their great prevalence, and their cure. Dr. Greene is our greatest physician among those who make the study, investigation and interests. the study, investigation, and treatment of nervous and chronic diseases a specialty, and his name and reputation for skill in the cure of this class of affections have made him famous throughout the United States, and brought patients to his office from all over the country o seek health and strength under his wonderful treat ment by health-giving and invigorating vegetable reme-

There was much interest felt at the lecture in regard to what the Doctor would say of his great remedy for nervous debilly, nervous exhaustion, and other nervous diseases—Dr. Green's Nervoira Nervo Tonic, now so widely known and so extensively used by sufferers everywhere with the most wonderful curative effects. To those who listened to the Doctor's earnest and con-vincing words there could be no doubt the head onvincing words there could be no doubt that he had, as has been acknowledged all over the country by physi-cians, druggi-ts, and the people, discovered the greatest and best remedy ever known for the cure of these weak ening and exhausting norvous diseases—a remedy which is undoubtedly the most important medical discovery of the century, inasmuch as it will cure more cases of dis-

ease than any other known medicine. That it is a remedy of most marvellous power in restoring the blessing of health to the sick and suffering is well attested by the fact that physicians have most heartly adopted its use in all forms of nervous diseases and thousands of

Doctors Recommend and Prescribe ts use in their practice every day. The majority of pee ple, however, buy it at the drug stores, where it can al-ways be obtained at \$1.00 per bottle, and all druggists manifest the greatest enthusiasm in regard to the re-markable virtues of the romedy, affirming that no prep-aration sold over their counters ever before gave such universal satisfaction and such extraordinarily bene-ficial results. And to this might be added personal universal satisfaction and such extraordinarily bene-ficial results. And to this might be added personal knowledge of the really wonderful cures which have come under observation—error of cases who had for years been in despair of everleing cured from the weak, nervous, and exhausted condition into which they had

sunk.
Dr. Greene's Nervora Nerve Toulo is the best sonic, in, vigorator, and restorative in existence. It has been proved by years of experience to be a perfect ours for ner-vousness, weakness, and all forms of prostration and physical exhaustion. Persons, particularly those over-worked or of sedentary habits, often become weak and nervous, their food disagrees with them, they suffer with billiousness and constitution: they have that terrible feeling of despondency which almost makes life a burden, and finally their fall with the second terrine recting of despondency which almost makes life a burden, and finally they fall into that fearful scourge, insomnia, the inability to sleep nights, which, if not checked in time, will surely result in paralysis or insantive. Now all this is cured by Dr. Groen's Nervora Nervor Tonic. Had we the space we could fill up every column with letters after letters, hundreds and hundreds of them, which have been received from persons who were once the victims of physical prostration, weak and ner-rous, resiless, despondent, unable to eat during the day or sleep at night, almost insane or paralyzed, who were given up as incurable by their regular physicians, and who, under the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, have been completely restored to health. Letters William have been completely restored to health. Letters like these prove conclusively the truth of the saying one so often hears that Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic deserves to be ranked among the greatest benefactions not only of this age, but of all times. This wonderful remedy, which is purely vegetable, and therefore harm less, may be purchased at any drug store at \$1 per bottle.
Dr. Greene may be consulted at his office, 35 West 14th
st., New York, on all cases of nervous and chronic diseases, personally or by letter, free of charge.

HOW BIG ARE THE WAVEST

Exaggerated Notions as to the Turbulency of the Storm-Swept Sen. From the Scotsman

It is a very common phrase to speak of the

It is a very common phrase to speak of the waves during a storm as "running mountains high:" but this really means nothing. Accurate measurements made by Scoresby proved that, during storms, waves in the Atlantic rarely exceed 43 leet from hollow to creat, the distance between the creats being 560 feet, and their speed 323; miles an hour. More recent observations in the Atlantic give from 44 feet to 48 feet as the highest measured waves; but such heights are rarely reached, and, indeed, waves exceeding 30 feet are very seldom encountered. The monsoon waves at Kurrachee breakwater works were found to dash over the wall to the depth of 18 feet, or about 40 feet above mean sea-level.

The greatest heights of waves on the British coats were those observed in Wick Bay—so famous for the exceptionally heavy seas which roll into it—being 37 to 40 feet. Green seas to the depth of 25 feet poured over the parapet of the breakwater at intervals of from seven to ten minutes, each wave, it was estimated, being a mass of 40,000 tons of water, and this continuously for three days and nights. The iron pile lighthouse erected on the Bishop Rock was carried away by unbroken seas striking the dwelling, the floor of which was 85 feet above high water. A tower of granite was subsequently erected on the Bishop, and in 1860 the waves carried away the fog bell, weighing 3 cwt., at an elevation of 100 feet above the sea. In the Bhetland Islands blocks of stone have been quarried away by unbroken seas striking the dwelling storms sink into insignificance when it is mentioned that thocks of concrete, weighing 1.350 to 2,600 pounds respectively, were carried away the repeated assaults of the wild rollers of Wick Bay. The depth to which wave and that here is fittle movement of materials under 18 to 20 feet below water, the found that there is little movement of materials under 18 to 20 feet below water, the found that there is little movement of materials under 18 to 20 feet below water, the found that there is little movement of materials

A Corper in a Floating Cake of Ice.

A Corpee in a Floating Cake of Fee.

From the Kanna City Times.

CALIFORNIA, Mo., Feb. 19.—A passenger on
the Missouri Pacific Ratirond saw yesterday, so
he decined to-day, a human bedy frozen in a
cake of ice floating in a backwater of the Missouri River, between Osage and Jefferson City,
and only a short distance from the road. He
called the attention of feilow passengers to the
spectacle, but the train had passed ere they
could get a view of it. The body was nude, and
only the breast and abdomen protruded from
the ice, the limbs being dimly discernible.

The Cook Got Up a Costly Breakfast, From the New Orleans Times Democrat.

Last night Mrs. R. Mothner of Texarcana. Last night Mrs. R. Mothner of Texarcana wanted to go to the theatre. Her husband, who is engaged in merchandising, had just handed her \$500. She wanted to put the money where the burglars could not find it, so she hid it in the cooking stove. Next morning when she finally awoke it was to learn that her treasure was no more. The cook had come early and making a hot fire, proceeded with the task of cooking breakfast. The good-natured husband has done nothing to-day but curse cooks, cooking stoves, opera houses, and burglars. The wife is in tears.

The Result of Merit.

When anything stands a test of fifty years among a discriminating people, it is pretty good evidence that there is merit somewhere. Few, if any, medicines have met with such continued success and popularity as has marked the progress of Brandreth's Pills, which, after a trial of over fifty years, are conceded to be the safest and most effectual blood purifier, tonic and alterative ever introduced to the public.

That this is the result of merit. and that Brandreth's Pills perform all that is claimed for them. is conclusively proved by the fact that those who regard them with the greatest favor are those who have used them the longest.

Brandreth's Pills are sold in every drug and medicine store. either plain or sugar-coated.